



Manifesto:



"where we're from"

way out, issue 2.

(waxing gibbous in libra, june 2011)

1, 2, 5-12, 29-32, 43, 44

"manifesto."

illustrated by the artists of hyde park, chicago.

13-28

dan and dusty.

peter boucher

33-42, 45

street.

eric guo







we are the generation.

Section 2. The judicial Power shall extend to all Cases in Law and Equity, arising under this Constitution, the Laws of the United States, and Treaties made, or which shall be made, under their Authority;—to all Cases affecting Ambassadors, other public Ministers and Consuls;—to all Cases of admiralty and maritime Jurisdiction;—to Controversies to which the United States shall be a Party;—to Controversies between two or more States;—between a State and Citizens of another State;—between Citizens of different States;—between Citizens of the same State claiming Lands under Grants of different States, and between a State, or the Citizens thereof, and foreign States, Citizens or Subjects.

In all Cases affecting Ambassadors, other public Ministers and Consuls, and those in which a State shall be Party, the supreme Court shall have original Jurisdiction. In all the other Cases before mentioned, the supreme Court shall have appellate Jurisdiction, both as to Law and Fact, with such Exceptions, and under such Regulations as the Congress shall make.

The Trial of all Crimes, except in Cases of Impeachment, shall be by Jury; and such Trial shall hold in the State where the said Crimes shall have been committed; but when not committed in any State, the Trial shall be at such Place as the Congress may by Law have provided.

Section 3. Treason against the United States, shall consist only in levying War against them, or adhering to their Enemies, giving them Aid and Comfort. No Person shall be convicted of Treason unless on the Testimony of two Witnesses to the same overt Act, or on Confession in open Court. The Congress shall have Power to declare the Punishment of Treason, but no Attainder of Treason shall work Corruption of Blood, or Forfeiture of Life, during the Life of the Person convicted.

directed, as the Constitution requires, to the study of the United States in Congress assembled; that the Senators and Representatives should be at the Time and Place assigned; that the Senate should appoint a President of the Senate, the sole Purpose of receiving, opening and putting the Votes for President; and, that after shall be chosen, the Congress, together with the President, should, without Delay, proceed to this Constitution.

by the unanimous Order of the Convention



The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no Warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by Oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons and things to be seized.

or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

Section 1. Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed. But when the right to vote at any election for the choice of electors for President and Vice President of the United States, Representatives in Congress, the Executive and judicial officers of a State, or the members of the Legislature thereof, is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such State, being twenty-one years of age, and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion, or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State.

Section 3. No person shall be a Senator or Representative in Congress, or elector of President and Vice President, or hold any office, civil or military, under the United States, or under any State, who, having previously taken an oath, as a member of Congress, or as an officer of the United States, or as a member of any State legislature, or as an executive or judicial officer of any State, to support the Constitution of the United States, shall have engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the same, or given aid or comfort to the enemies thereof. But Congress may by a vote of two-thirds of each House, remove such disability.

Section 4. The validity of the public debt of the United States, authorized by law, including debts incurred for payment of pensions and bounties for services in suppressing insurrection or rebellion, shall not be questioned. But neither the United

enjoy the right to a speedy and impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which shall have to be indicted, and by and with the Advice and Consent of the Senate, shall appoint Ambassadors, other public Ministers and Consuls, Judges of the supreme Court, and all other Officers of the United States, whose Appointments are not otherwise provided for, and shall establish all other inferior Offices, and fix their Salaries.

of obsession and apathy.

the Authority of the United States, shall be supreme Law of the Land; and the Judges in every State shall be bound thereby, any Thing in the Constitution or Laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding. The Senators and Representatives before mentioned, and the Members of the several State Legislatures, and all executive and judicial Officers, both of the United States and of the several States, shall be bound by Oath or Affirmation, to support this Constitution; but no religious Test shall ever be required as a Qualification to any Office or public Trust under the United States.

Article. VII.

The Ratification of the Conventions of nine States, shall be sufficient for the Establishment of this Constitution between the States so ratifying the Same.

done in Convention by the Unanimous Consent of the States present the Seventeenth Day of September in the Year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and Eighty seven and of the Independence of the United States of America the fifth In Witness whereof We have hereunto subscribed our Names.

LA 1787 Washington—Presid
and deputy from Virgin

New Hampshire	John Langdon Nicholas Gilman
Massachusetts	Nathaniel Gorham Rufus King
Connecticut	Wm. Saml. Johnson Roger Sherman

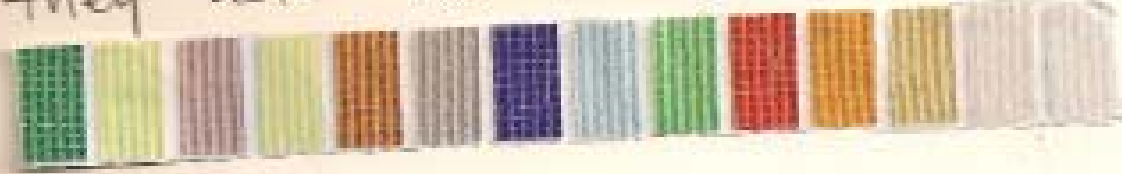
No person shall be held to answer for a Crime, or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a Grand Jury, in cases arising in the land or waters, except in Cases of Treason, or other Crimes in the Land or Waters.

New York	Alexander Hamilton
New Jersey	Wm. Livingston David Brearley Wm. Paterson Jonas Dayton
Pennsylvania	B. Franklin Thomas Mifflin Robt. Morris Geo. Clymer Thos. FitzSimons Jared Ingersoll James Wilson Gouv. Morris
Delaware	Geo. Read Gunning Bedford jun John Dickinson Richard Bassett Jaco. Broom
Maryland	James McHenry Dan of St. Thom. Jenifer Daniel Carroll
Virginia	John Blair— James Madison Jr.
North Carolina	Wm. Blount Richd. Dobbs Spaight Hu. Williamson
South Carolina	J. Rutledge Charles Cotesworth Pinck Charles Pinckney Pierce Butler
Georgia	William Few Abr. Baldwin

Attest William Jackson Secy



they ask us to be ourselves,




while telling us what to be.



peter boucher

dan and dusty.



"Home again" Dan sighed to himself as he stared around the walls of his apartment. As he spoke his eyes settled on the map on the far wall above the fireplace, stuck with bright pins. On the walls surrounding him, postcards and national geographic snapshots of bustling cities, foreign and crowded. As he loosened his tie, Dan stepped to get a closer look at the world on his wall. He fumbled in a basket on the mantle, searching through old keys, suit buttons, blindly feeling for the pin prick. After a few seconds of rustling, he found the exact point he was looking for! Gripping the plastic handle, he raised his elbow and crossed a continent to thrust the pin into the map and wedge apart the cork beneath it. That was his favorite part. There he was, hundreds of plastic pins. Hundreds of me complete with their own little shadows. Pretty good! he thought as he loosened his belt buckle in his hands.

There was a family in one of the pictures on the wall over his bed that he saw as he turned away from the map to loosen his collar and strip off his dress shirt. He folded his shirt and black pants on his desk and went to the bathroom for a comb and a shave. As he stared in the mirror, the map's reflection outlined his head, as it did after every shave after every trip. Dan washed his face, brushed his teeth, took his vitamins, and stretched before bed.

Dan stared straight into the ceiling with a piercing gaze, alone in his sheets in the darkness.

"I wish I could see the stars," he drifted off.

"How's the family, Dan?"

Dan shifted a little with the weight of traffic as the black car pulled him around the turn onto M street.

"Oh great, I'm sure. Got down to the beach yesterday. said it was sunny and warm."

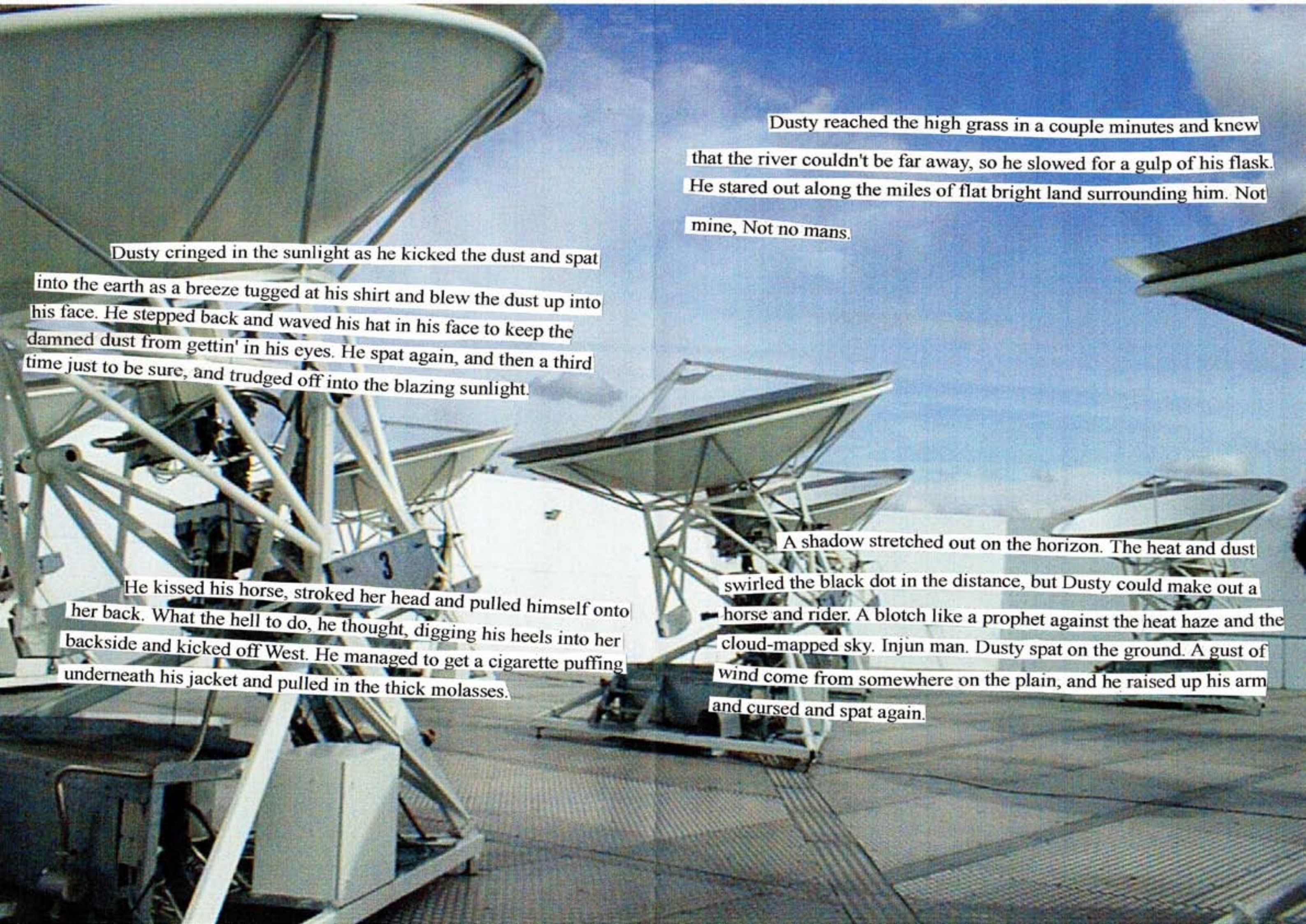
"Sure could use that here"

Dan smiled at his assistant. Jean wore a tight, yet modest white and grey suit that matched his own quite well. Jean was adjusting her lipstick in the metallic dark of the windowpane. Dan heard the artificial click of her lipstick case and caught the reflection of her lips in his own window. Jean wore a blue and silver shawl that he actually quite liked, and that was a new one.

Dan shuffled the papers on his lap. He began to read through the day's bulletins, mostly car bombs and round table discussions. Someone important had drowned. Also, the UN was meeting today again, but Dan would not attend this year. He had had to decline the gold trimmed invitation. Dan sighed. Such was life. He smiled at the driver as he lifted himself out of the car.

He had dreamed about his wife last night. They waited in the beach sand, naked and entangled together, eyes on each other with the rush of the wind and waves encircling them. She and him must have been both younger, it felt that way. She smiled and looked out onto the waves, then got up and beckoned him to come look beyond the waves but all he could see was fog, but she asked him again and again and he couldn't. She took his hand and he followed into the waves. They waded in the surf and the further they stepped the more she disappeared, like sand in the surf. They kissed and huddled together, and lay together in the surf. He felt himself disintegrating too, flowing into the sand and surf and her. "I wish you'd had seen" she whispered, "but it's OK." He was gone.

Dan coughed and stretched his back briefly, picked up his briefcase and marched on forward, Jean and another assistant in his wake. Up and through the concrete block, past security with a nod, to the metal elevator box that would bring him to his floor. Dan held his breath. He hated elevators, hated the pull upwards, the emptiness that the metal thread yanks you through. The moment of weightlessness when it pulls you out of the ground. Can't believe we trust these things, he thought.



Dusty reached the high grass in a couple minutes and knew that the river couldn't be far away, so he slowed for a gulp of his flask. He stared out along the miles of flat bright land surrounding him. Not mine, Not no mans.

Dusty cringed in the sunlight as he kicked the dust and spat into the earth as a breeze tugged at his shirt and blew the dust up into his face. He stepped back and waved his hat in his face to keep the damned dust from gettin' in his eyes. He spat again, and then a third time just to be sure, and trudged off into the blazing sunlight.

He kissed his horse, stroked her head and pulled himself onto her back. What the hell to do, he thought, digging his heels into her backside and kicked off West. He managed to get a cigarette puffing underneath his jacket and pulled in the thick molasses.

A shadow stretched out on the horizon. The heat and dust swirled the black dot in the distance, but Dusty could make out a horse and rider. A blotch like a prophet against the heat haze and the cloud-mapped sky. Injun man. Dusty spat on the ground. A gust of wind come from somewhere on the plain, and he raised up his arm and cursed and spat again.

Dan arrived in an empty lobby, through the automatic doors in a tired daze. The fireplace to the right of the room projected the flickering shadow of his suit and briefcase onto the marble floor. He coughed, stretched, and marched up to the ornate desk to conduct business.

"Do you have a pool?" he asked, roomkey in hand.

"Of course, sir. The waterslide, however, has been closed indefinitely. I apologize for the inconvenience."

"Oh dear!" Dan smiled and turned to Jean beside him, who returned an exhausted, almost sad, grin.

"Yes, there was an accident earlier this evening, please do not be alarmed, however, we are handling the situation with care. Please let me show you to your rooms. You must be very tired."

"That's alright, thank you. I've actually been here before, had the same room too."

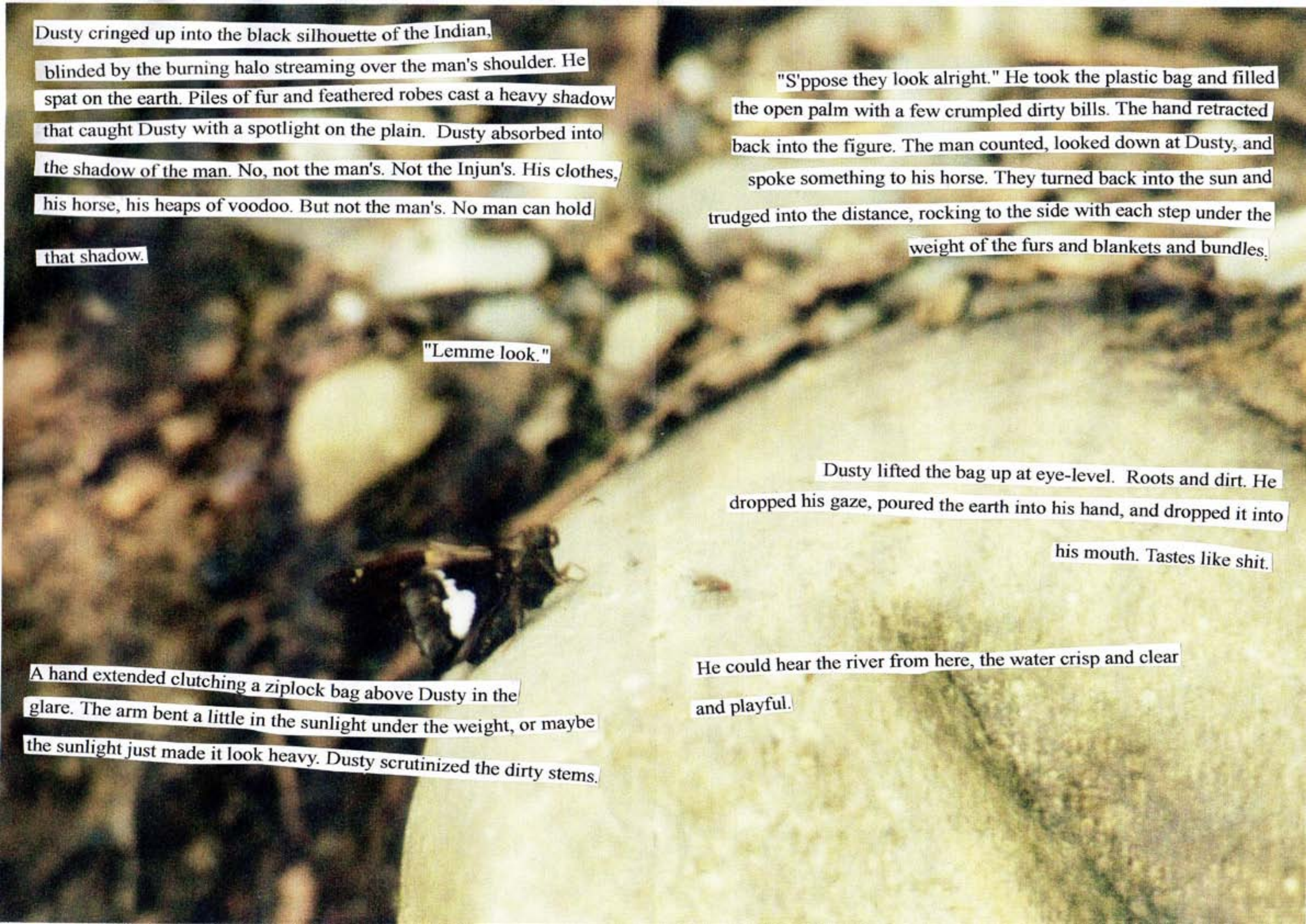
"As you wish, sir."

Dan and Jean said goodnight in the elevator. The metal doors closed her out, and Dan felt the tug of the floor, the ground pulling him up. Dan stumbled out of the metal box into the hallway. He shook himself to flail off the daze of exhaustion and yawned for his bed at home.

He dropped his briefcase on the bed and stared out the window while loosening his tie and unbuttoning his shirt. It was so dark. He couldn't make out square towers and official buildings in the distance. Just a blur of color. It was still beautiful. Everywhere is beautiful. Rotating back to the room, he teetered and lost his weight for a second.

He tossed his shirt on the bed and followed it face first into the covers. He heard the steam release from an old radiator in the corner. God, I haven't been this exhausted for months, so tired. Exhausted. His eyes closed upon images of Molly again at the beach, sand gripped in his hands and his toes. The waves rumbling in the static of the surf. static static

Cold. His room, his walls, his map above the fireplace. Frantically searching for a pinprick- he felt it! But my hands huge and so clumsy and the darkness seeping into the frame. Damp edges curling and darkening and the colors bleeding. He reached up for his map and his spot to prick, and his vision nodded, his balance teetering in some great current. One more, he thought, one more



Dusty cringed up into the black silhouette of the Indian, blinded by the burning halo streaming over the man's shoulder. He spat on the earth. Piles of fur and feathered robes cast a heavy shadow that caught Dusty with a spotlight on the plain. Dusty absorbed into the shadow of the man. No, not the man's. Not the Injun's. His clothes, his horse, his heaps of voodoo. But not the man's. No man can hold that shadow.

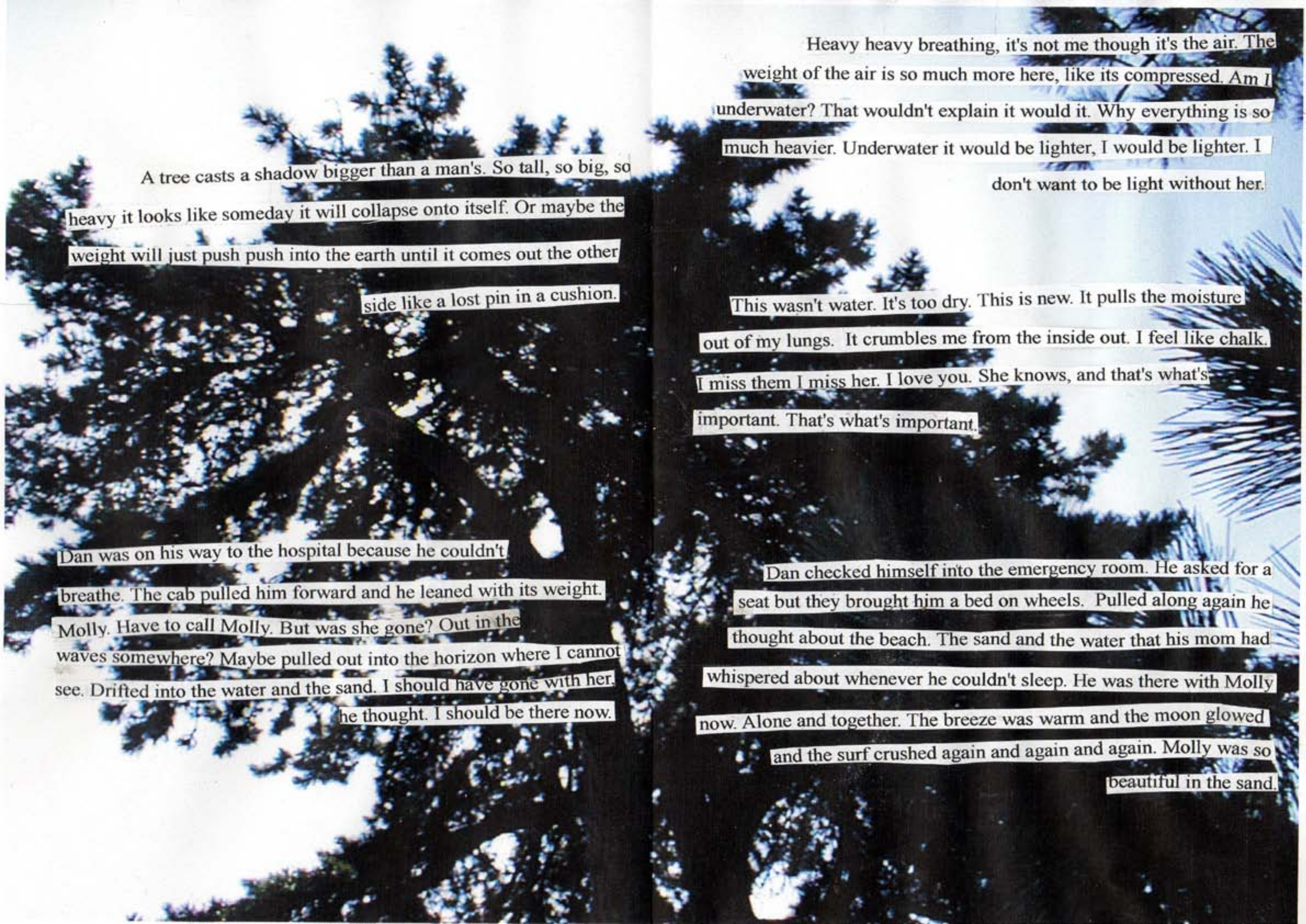
"Lemme look."

A hand extended clutching a ziplock bag above Dusty in the glare. The arm bent a little in the sunlight under the weight, or maybe the sunlight just made it look heavy. Dusty scrutinized the dirty stems.

"S'ppose they look alright." He took the plastic bag and filled the open palm with a few crumpled dirty bills. The hand retracted back into the figure. The man counted, looked down at Dusty, and spoke something to his horse. They turned back into the sun and trudged into the distance, rocking to the side with each step under the weight of the furs and blankets and bundles.

Dusty lifted the bag up at eye-level. Roots and dirt. He dropped his gaze, poured the earth into his hand, and dropped it into his mouth. Tastes like shit.

He could hear the river from here, the water crisp and clear and playful.



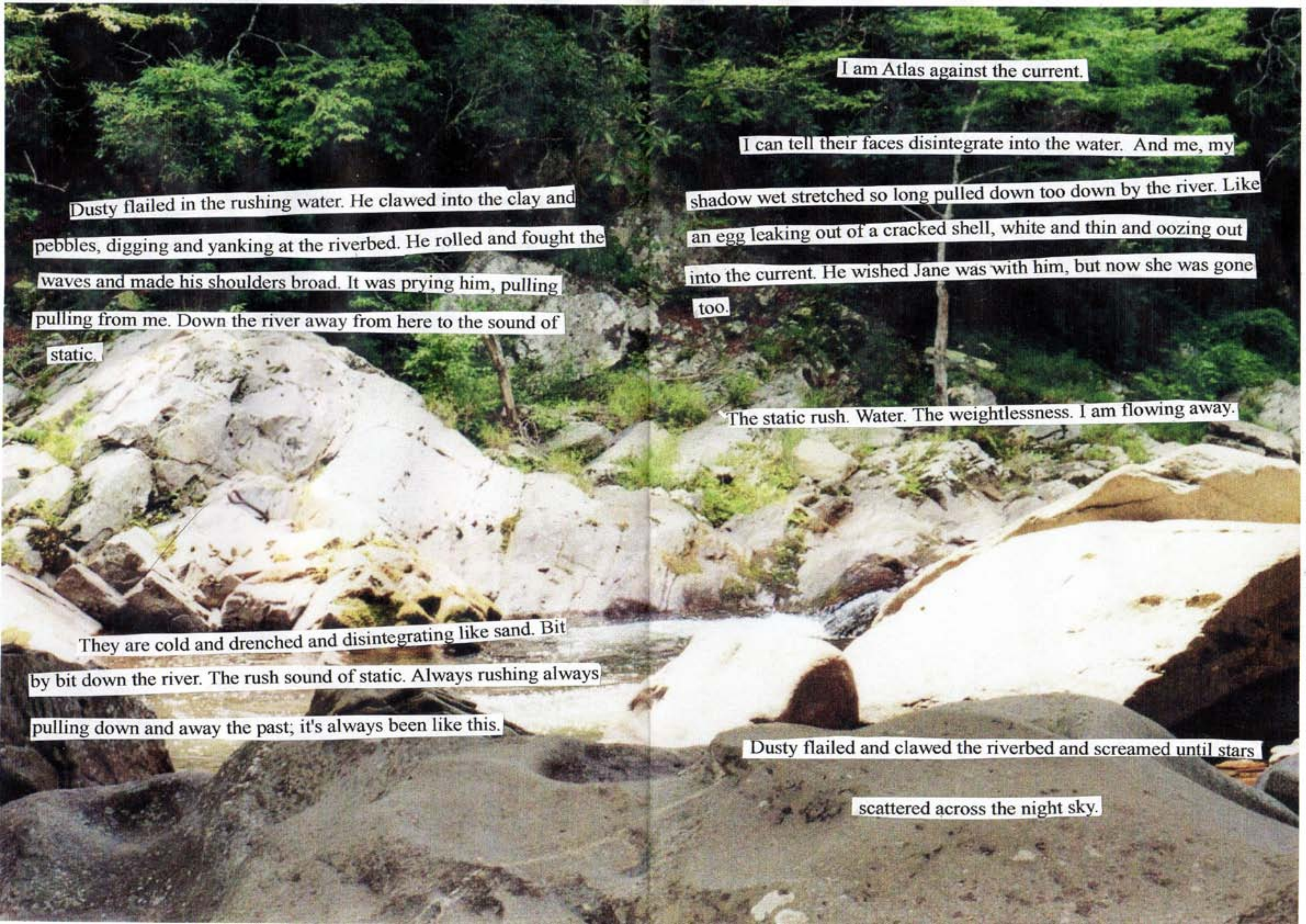
A tree casts a shadow bigger than a man's. So tall, so big, so heavy it looks like someday it will collapse onto itself. Or maybe the weight will just push push into the earth until it comes out the other side like a lost pin in a cushion.

Dan was on his way to the hospital because he couldn't breathe. The cab pulled him forward and he leaned with its weight. Molly. Have to call Molly. But was she gone? Out in the waves somewhere? Maybe pulled out into the horizon where I cannot see. Drifted into the water and the sand. I should have gone with her. he thought. I should be there now.

Heavy heavy breathing, it's not me though it's the air. The weight of the air is so much more here, like its compressed. Am I underwater? That wouldn't explain it would it. Why everything is so much heavier. Underwater it would be lighter, I would be lighter. I don't want to be light without her.

This wasn't water. It's too dry. This is new. It pulls the moisture out of my lungs. It crumbles me from the inside out. I feel like chalk. I miss them I miss her. I love you. She knows, and that's what's important. That's what's important.

Dan checked himself into the emergency room. He asked for a seat but they brought him a bed on wheels. Pulled along again he thought about the beach. The sand and the water that his mom had whispered about whenever he couldn't sleep. He was there with Molly now. Alone and together. The breeze was warm and the moon glowed and the surf crushed again and again and again. Molly was so beautiful in the sand.



I am Atlas against the current.

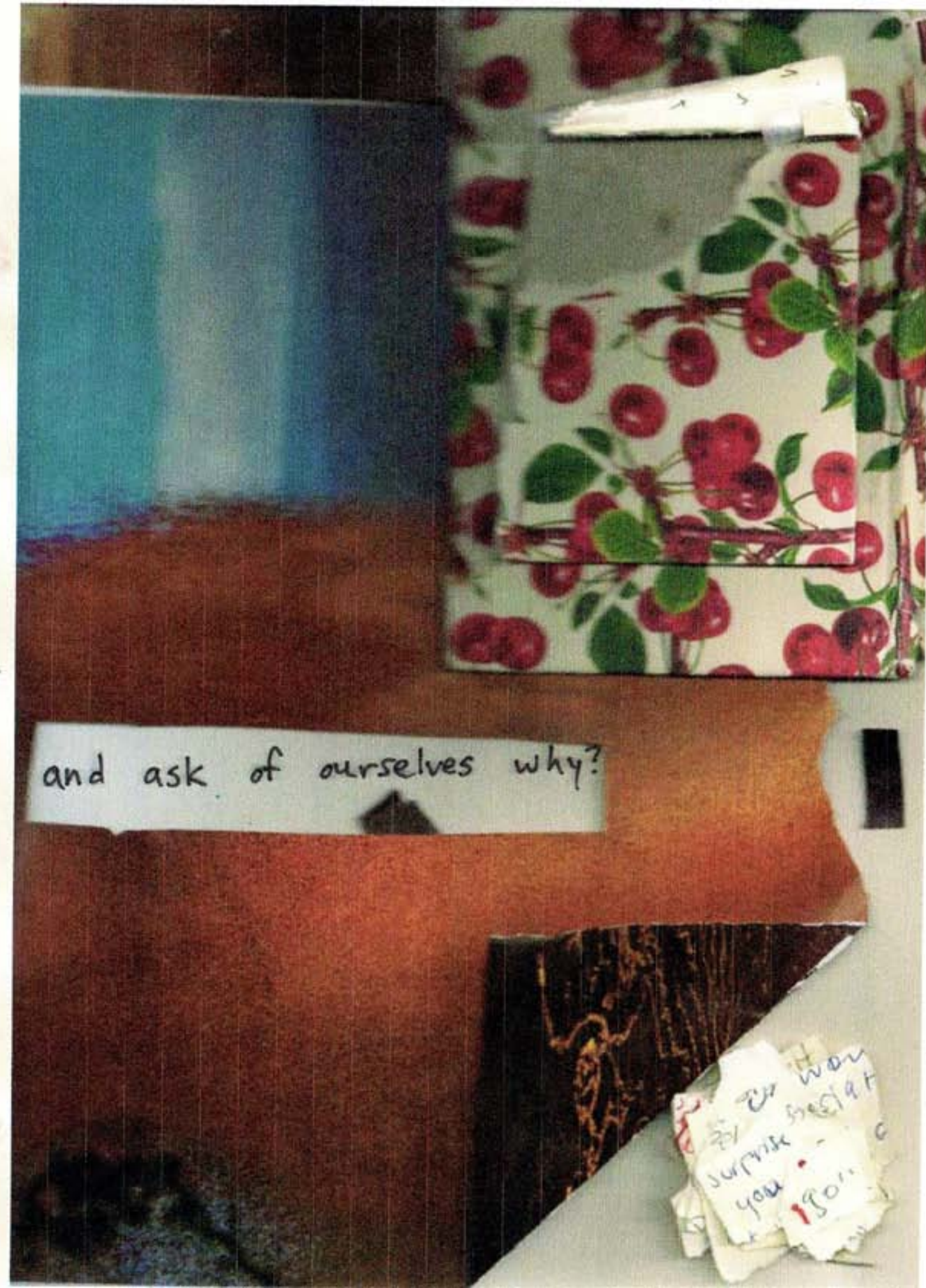
I can tell their faces disintegrate into the water. And me, my shadow wet stretched so long pulled down too down by the river. Like an egg leaking out of a cracked shell, white and thin and oozing out into the current. He wished Jane was with him, but now she was gone too.

The static rush. Water. The weightlessness. I am flowing away.

Dusty flailed in the rushing water. He clawed into the clay and pebbles, digging and yanking at the riverbed. He rolled and fought the waves and made his shoulders broad. It was prying him, pulling pulling from me. Down the river away from here to the sound of static.

They are cold and drenched and disintegrating like sand. Bit by bit down the river. The rush sound of static. Always rushing always pulling down and away the past; it's always been like this.

Dusty flailed and clawed the riverbed and screamed until stars scattered across the night sky.





but why,

in the end,

Going to a start of MAN, anytime, where you begin
Micro scales, more Death than Death
Shoot the Jawbreakers! Fight hand-to-hand
Stand Tall, save Egghead, from that Band
one through? Not Damn, oh no, failed plan
2 free to 1, so you a Goodsend
Each day I pause - word up that I'm MAN
Blessed is woman - who bears the child and
after turning hours' sand, thrill to see the stain
get's sore, but Life's War, + she's Head of Command
Tougher than fighters who faced Afghanistan
Red - End fear creepin' round then,
Globe mobilized as Charlie Wilson stepped in
Strugglers kept Soviets on their knees when
Circ I - A.H. popped stinger-totin' in Laos
Why who gave what to whom, is hidden
Spin'n' din, cuz blessings' origin is Bin
3 months later, you're born Kinkin' but then?
the Process of War just starts up again.

Had to be there to make a deposit
and if ours gone, won't hear stop it
RECREATE the moment of where we started
2 minutes later, Oh? Ahh SHIT!!
PREOCCUPATION with objects, makes set in stone
Domination Subjects - no Justice OBJECT
were you expectation-Progress? Pray God Bless
JUST CONFESS
When man fails, woman break ceiling &
if man strong, protect clan, so here that's deal
So many ditch the plan, now that's not a state
heart feelings not appealing, the few left not
Common said breathing leaves the bread
if you don't open eyes, is what you will treat
No father, what archetype instead
Follow Brothers on the street, head beat
Stupid. Put to bed, full of hot lead
Marks where you bleed, dripped - dread on
Nobody profits when nothing is dead
too much Killing of our own -uff so

We were never given a chance.

We were never given a chance
choice in life is happenstance
BUT: MaPa's gametes slow danced
so you are Product of Luck (romance)
MaPa's blessed you with strong stance
but lies empower signposts
nothing gets done when caught on the fence
Make informed decisions, thus make sense
Mister, pay attention, in this instance
Listen real good or finished - past ten

DE

We were never given a chance
choice in life, circumstance
SO MaPa's gametes slow danced
You are Product of Love (Romance)
MaPa's blessed you with balance
fall down if you coast entranced
nothing gets done when caught on the fence
Make informed decisions, thus, Sense
Mister please, pay attention, this instance
Listen real good or finished - past ten

It's a fierce course, get put through paces / mass (acceleration) is force, Love (force) is ACE
Love without remorse, Love (force) moves places / no love no torch stay lost in mazes
My Name is on porch, light spills for blazes / Right - Rule Left - Law to Smiley faces
never speak in riddles, love fuels entrenched spaces / force is devastation, bomb to build nation
Diplomatic ties and condemnations / no **PURPLE** relation, **Red** / **Blue** frustration
Political rhetoric, spelled consternation / for change we wait anticipation
Anxiety pills to chill, speed for concentration / Life's trouble is aberration, world is Ms. Communication
Courtesy - Etiquette for saken / no obligation we're all mistaken
Home of the lie is really home of the fakie
Pigs - getting - paid - being - fed - fat - bacon
Wanna save yourself, Wilbur? In Charlotte's Web you can see
Bein' Happy is giving Love, give BIG + be free.

by: Mandeep
REDI



eric guo

street.

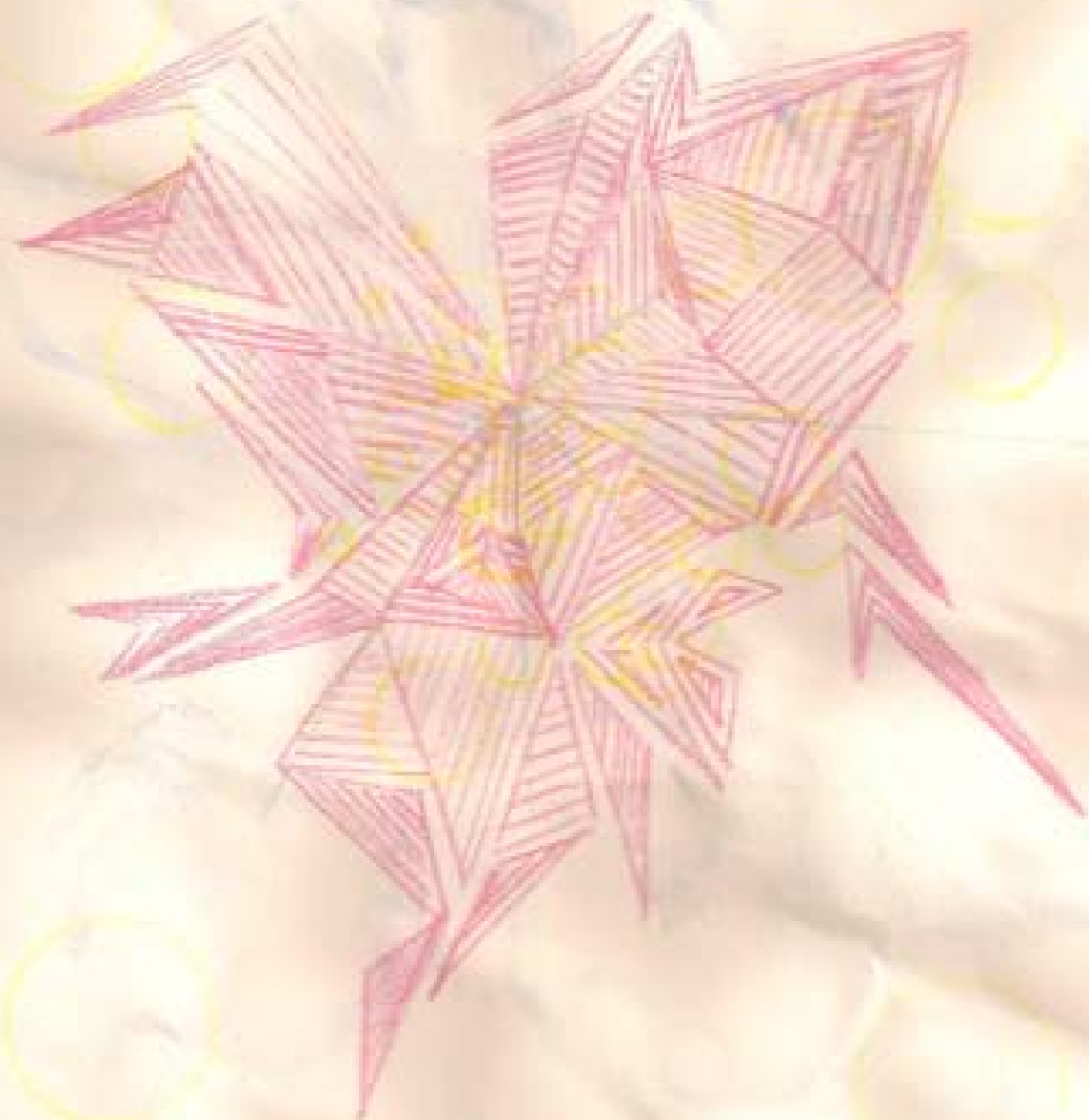




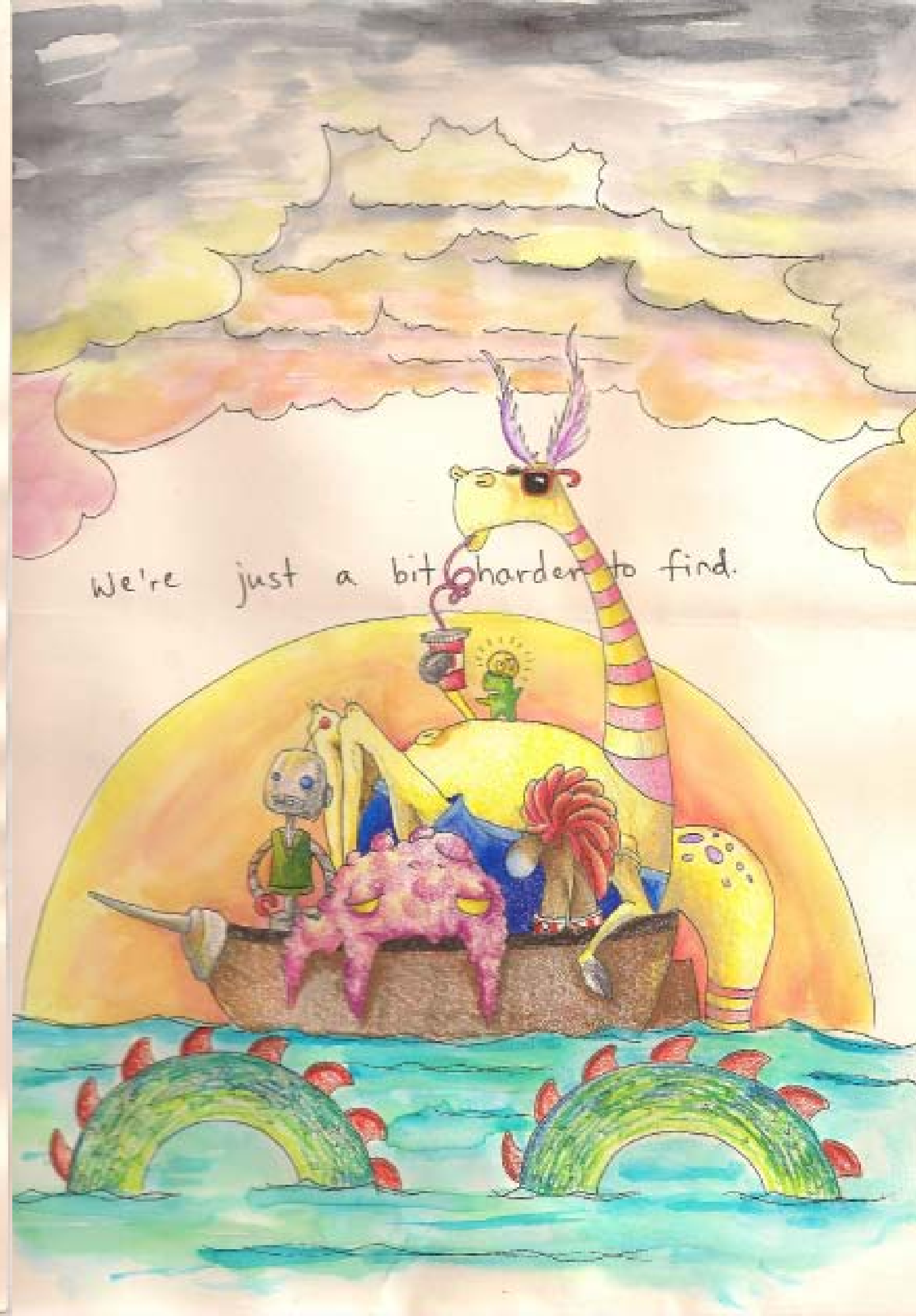




if this speaks to you,



know that there are others like you.



We're just a bit harder to find.



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TWO YAW

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